

# Her Son's Sweetheart

BY  
JOSEPHA MARIE MURRAY.

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## ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE

Franklin, Ohio

# HER SON'S SWEETHEART

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A Comedy in Two Acts  
For Female Characters

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By Josepha Marie Murray

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**ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE,**  
FRANKLIN, OHIO.

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## DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

MRS. PERKINS—A well-dressed woman of about forty-five.

LILLY—A pale, delicate little girl of about twelve. 'This part may be easily taken by any older girl.

KITTY—A young, pretty girl in black dress with white apron and cap.

BETTY GARDENER—A handsome, refined young woman of about twenty, very prettily clad.

MRS. CLAYTON—A beautifully dressed woman of about forty-two.

ELIZABETH BURTON—An attractive young woman of about twenty, plainly but neatly clad.

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## CHARACTERS

MRS. PERKINS ..... a devoted mother

LILLY ..... Mrs. Perkins' little girl

KITTY ..... the maid

BETTY GARDENER.....Mrs. Perkins' son's sweetheart

MRS. CLAYTON...a Boston neighbor of the Perkins family

ELIZABETH BURTON..(known as Betty and Lilly's companion who happens to be Mrs. Clayton's son's sweetheart.)

Time—Summer. ACT I. Morning.

Costumes—Modern. ACT II. Afternoon.

~~THE END~~  
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# Her Son's Sweetheart.

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## ACT I.

(*Scene.—The living-room in Mrs. Perkins' summer home. Entrances L. and R. A portiere across door entrance L. Up stage L., leather lounge. Up stage R., a large, old-fashioned clock. Up stage C. back, a large mirror, a little left of the mirror, a small table on which there is a telephone. At center, a table on which there are several pictures.*)

(*At the rise of the curtain, Mrs. Perkins stands in front of the mirror putting on a very pretty hat.*)

Mrs. P. There! I guess I'm ready now. I do hate to go back to Boston this beautiful morning. (*Touches roses on hat.*) Goodness! Why does Madam Claymore insist on roses for a summer hat? The last one I had, Frank didn't like, and this one is worse. I think it behooves a mother who has an adorable young son to dress to please him. John says I make too much of Frank—but there, I can't help it. (*Picks up Frank's picture from table.*) You darling boy! Mother just worships you. Let me see—(*thinks seriously*). Why it's nearly seven months since I've seen you. I do wish you'd come home more often; but then, I suppose when a boy has a sweetheart to visit why—. (*Puts picture down.*) Well, I mustn't be jealous. John and I had our day; and besides Frank says Betty is a darling.

Lilly. (*appears at door up stage R.*). (*Calls.*) Mother! (*Sadly.*) Mother!

Mrs. P. (*turns*). Yes, Lilly. Come here, deârie. (*Lilly doesn't move. Mrs. P. speaks louder.*) Lilly, how often must I tell you to obey mother!

(*Lilly goes up to mother. Begins to cry.*)

*Mrs. P.* There I've made you cry again. Oh, if you were only more like Frank used to be when he was your age! I suppose it's because you're so delicate. (*Bending over her.*) Lilly, dear, what is the trouble now?

*Lilly.* (*throwing her arms around her mother's neck.*) Oh, mother, I'm so lonesome! Why did we come so early? We are the only family here, and I've no one to play with.

*Mrs. P.* (*caressing her.*) There, dear, I know; but you mustn't fret mother. We came here in May on account of you, pet. Dr. Brighton said the change would be fine for you. Come; kiss mother. Father promised to get a companion for you as soon as possible. Now try to be a good little girl. Can't you read one of the new books father brought you?

*Lilly.* I've read every book I have, mother.

*Mrs. P.* (*sitting down.*) Do you want mother to get you another one this morning when she's in Boston?

*Lilly.* No, mother, I'm tired of reading. I read all day yesterday.

*Mrs. P.* Do be sensible, Lilly. You are a big girl, twelve years old, you are really old enough to amuse yourself.

*Lilly.* Why can't I go to Boston with you, mother?

*Mrs. P.* It's too tiresome, darling. You stay here; and if your companion comes, she'll take you out in the garden.

*Lilly.* All right, mother. Bring me something nice from Boston, won't you?

(*Mrs. Perkins kisses Lilly and exits door up stage L.*)

*Lilly.* (*sits down on lounge.*) Oh, dear, I wish that companion of mine would come. I guess I'll play acting. (*Goes to door up stage R. calls.*) Kitty! (*louder.*) Kitty! Please bring me that book of mine about the fairy princess.

(*Enter Kitty with a book in her hand.*)

*Kitty.* Miss Lilly!

*Lilly.* Yes, Kitty. (*goes over to maid*).

*Kitty.* Here is the book, Miss Lilly. Now be careful and don't play so hard that you'll get excited. You know your mother is away, and we don't want her to come home and find you ill.

(*Exit Kitty.*)

*Lilly.* (*sits on lounge*). Now isn't Kitty funny! Just like mother. Get excited! She must think I'm a baby.

(*Goes over to chair; rocks, sits down; opens book; starts to read aloud.*)

*Lilly.* And the princess was the most beautiful fairy of them all. (*Looks up.*) She must have been lovely; I can actually see her; just like an actress, I suppose, only more mysterious. Now this is the most interesting part where Helen talks to the fairy. Now let me see, I learned those words. (*Puts book down.*) Now I'll pretend that this is the woods, and near this chair is the tree, and under it stands the fairy. I'll be Helen. (*Rises and approaches chair.*) Oh! (*Draws back.*) How you frightened me. Where did you come from? That tree? (*Points to chair.*) A fairy! A—princess! I knew you must be a princess because you're so beautiful. How can I keep you with me? By singing? oh, then I'll sing. (*starts to sing*).

(*During singing there is a noise in the hall. Lilly listens; and ashamed to be discovered playing runs into the next room just as the door opens and the maid ushers in Betty Gardener dressed in a traveling suit, carrying a dress suitcase.*)

*Betty.* She isn't in, you say?

*Kitty.* No, miss, she went to Boston.

*Betty.* (*aside*). How strange! Was she not expecting me?

*Kitty.* Yes, miss. She said that you could go right in and make yourself at home if you came while she was out. (*Takes her suitcase.*) I'll take this upstairs for



you, Miss. The little girl can take you to your room and you can remove your wraps.

*Betty.* Was Mrs. Perkins called away suddenly?

*Kitty.* Yes, Miss; there was a business call to Boston.

*Betty.* Very well then; I thank you.

*(Maid exits.)*

*Betty.* Well, I am exhausted! It certainly was a dreadful walk. I should have hired a carriage if there had been any in sight; queer no one met me at the station! If Frank had only come with me; but it's just like a man—always business first. I should think he'd realize that it's hard enough to meet "my future mother-in-law" when he's with me—but alone; I shudder.

*(Lilly now comes in.)*

*Lilly.* How do you do. *(Extends her hand.)*

*Betty.* *(confused).* Oh! *(Aside.)* She's heard it all.

*Lilly.* I might as well tell you why I ran away when you came in. You'll think I'm awfully impolite; but I was playing and I thought that you must have heard me. At first I thought you were one of mother's friends from Boston; but now I'm sure that you are the lady who has come to play with me.

*Betty.* Why, yes, dear, I'd love to play with you.

*Lilly.* I suppose I shouldn't say play. It sounds like a little girl. Besides I'll be thirteen my next birthday. To tell the truth I don't play such baby games; besides, it would be correct to say play even if one meant golf or tennis. I love to play tennis. I've tried several times—just hitting the ball back and forth of course. Mother lets me play only a little while on account of my health.

*Betty.* Were you the one who was singing so sweetly when I came in?

*Lilly.* Yes. I was acting. That's why I ran away. Mother says I'm awfully old to pretend so much, but I love to act out my story books—especially the fairy stories. Of course, I don't believe in fairies, although



I used to when I was little, but it's fun to pretend you're an actress. I get so excited when I go to the theatre that mother won't take me very often. I saw Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" and I think she's splendid. You have seen her of course?

*Betty.* Yes, and I enjoyed her very much. (*Aside.*) What a darling! I'll love my little sister. (*To Lilly.*) Won't you sing another song, dear, I'd love to hear you.

*Lilly.* If you'll promise not to tell. I sing for very few people.

(*A pretty song may be introduced.*)

*Lilly.* Now; it's over. Aren't you glad?

*Betty.* No indeed! I think you'll be a singer when you're a young lady.

*Lilly.* Come, mother said you and I could go out in the garden. We will; won't we? Miss—why I never thought to ask your name.

*Betty.* Call me Betty, Lilly, dear.

*Lilly.* Oh, no; mother wouldn't like that. She only lets me call Kitty by her first name. I tell you what I'll call you—Miss Betty. We'll be the best of friends, I know. Come over here until I show you my picture (*shows picture.. Points to chair near table.*) Sit down, Miss Betty.

*Betty.* It is very natural. (*Looks at picture.*)

*Lilly.* Now look at this one. This is brother Frank. Isn't he a sport? Do you think you'll like him, Miss Betty?

(*Betty eagerly seizes the picture.*)

*Betty.* Like him, Lilly? (*Smiles.*) Why, I'm real fond of him already.

*Lilly.* I heard you say something about a Frank when you came in.

*Betty.* (*excited*). Di—did you hear anything else I said? (*Aside.*) She'll be sure to tell!

*Lilly.* No, I didn't.

*Betty.* I was mentioning how tired I was. It's a long walk. Lilly, when do you expect your mother home?

*Lilly.* I don't know; but come, we were going out ages ago. Let's go upstairs. You can take off your wraps in my room because that's where you are going to sleep. After that we can go out into the garden.

*(Lilly gets her book and she and Betty exeunt door up stage R. just as Mrs. Perkins re-enters door stage L.)*

*Mrs. P. (exhausted. Sits down.)* Well, if that isn't discouraging! To drive way down to the village to learn that I must return at once. If I hadn't stopped at the post office. *(Looks at letter which she has in her hand.)* I should have got this letter too late. I should have been in Boston and Betty would have arrived unwelcomed. I can't realize it. Betty and Frank both coming here for a rest. Betty coming alone! Poor little thing! I know just how she will feel. Frank detained by business, but to follow a week later. How can I ever forgive that thoughtless boy of mine. The idea of not notifying me until the last minute! If I had known earlier I could have made so many little improvements in the house. I should have planned entertainment. Goodness! It will be hard to entertain a future daughter-in-law. I wonder what the girl will be like. My son's sweetheart! I can't realize it. It seems like only a few years ago that Frank was just a boy. *(Sighs.)* I'm so excited I scarcely know what to do first. Poor Lilly! I suppose she'll be disappointed when she finds I didn't bring her anything from town.

*(Removes hat in front of mirror; places it on table; presses a button.)*

*(Enter Kitty.)*

*Mrs. P.* Kitty, *(Hands hat to maid.)* please take my hat upstairs. I'm too tired to go up now, any word from Mr. Perkins? Lilly's companion didn't come?

*Kitty.* Yes, madam, she came. She's out playing with Miss Lilly.

*Mrs. P.* I'm sorry I wasn't here. I should like to have seen her first, but I'm too busy now. I'll have to trust to Mr. Perkin's judgment. But men's ideas don't usually suit me. Kitty! (*As Kitty starts to go.*) Kitty! Please see that the front room is in perfect order. I am expecting my son's sweetheart this afternoon, and I want everything made as comfortable for her as possible. She will be with us a few weeks.

*Kitty.* Yes, Mrs. Perkins.

(*Exit Kitty.*)

*Mrs. P.* Well! (*Sits down.*) So much for preparations! It's fortunate she won't be here until after lunch.

(*Lilly runs in from stage door L.*)

*Lilly.* Come on! I'll show you how. (*Notices her mother. Runs to her.*) Why, mother; why did you come back so soon?

*Mrs. P.* I didn't go, pet. Before going to the station I stopped at the post office. What do you think, Lilly! I found a letter from Frank. He's coming home soon for a rest. This afternoon his young lady friend, (*the one who's going to be his wife*) is coming to stay with us. Now, we'll have plenty of company, won't we?

*Lilly.* (*claps hands and jumps up and down*). Goody! Goody! Mother, (*Looks around.*) why—where is she? Miss—.

(*Enter Betty.*)

*Betty.* Lilly! Lilly! Uh— (*Stops short.. Looks surprised.*)

*Mrs. P.* (*extends her hand*). How do you do. You came this morning when I was out? I'm so sorry.

*Lilly.* (*gives Betty no chance to answer*). Yes, mother, she came this morning; and we've been having a lovely time.

*Mrs. P.* (*to Lilly*). I'm glad, sweetheart. (*To Betty.*) This is indeed good news. I see you are able to entertain Lilly. She is such a lonesome little body.



(*Turns to Lilly.*) Baby, you run upstairs for a few minutes. I wish to speak to this young lady alone.

Betty. (*aside*). How queer!

Mrs. P. Sit down, my dear. (*Points to chair.*) It was indeed too bad that I was out when you came; but I have so many things to look after. Money certainly brings with it responsibility. You may be glad, my dear, that you are obliged to work for a living. I don't know but you are happier than we idle rich.

Betty. (*horrified*). I don't understand, Mrs. —.

Mrs. P. (*interrupts her*). Yes, my dear, I know. We each have things in our life which the other would not understand.

Betty. (*bewildered*). But Mrs. Per—.

Mrs. P. (*gives Betty no time to speak*). What is your name?

Betty. (*excited*). Wh—why don't you—.

(*Telephone rings; Mrs. Perkins starts.*)

Mrs. P. (*turns to Betty*). Excuse me. (*Goes to phone.*) Hello! Yes, this is 1547-W. Yes, Mrs. Perkins. Miss May? Yes, she has come. Yes, I think we will both be suited. I'll let you know if we're not. Good-bye. (*Hangs up receiver.*)

Betty. (*Aside.*) What a funny woman she is! Frank hasn't got me yet.

Mrs. P. (*reseating herself*). Really, a phone is almost a nuisance—always ringing at the wrong time. Mr. Perkins has threatened to have it removed for that reason. I am so busy today! I am expecting company this afternoon.

Betty. (*Aside.*) Evidently I don't count.

Mrs. P. I guess you'll be all right. You and Lilly are such good friends already. I can see that you have had experience with children. Just be careful of Lilly as she is so delicate. Don't let her get her feet wet. Keep her out doors a good deal. Jack will take you to drive any time you wish.

*Betty.* (to herself). You'd think she was hiring a nurse girl.

*Mrs. P.* Then be sure to read to her. I am very anxious that she become a good reader.

(*Maid enters.*)

*Mrs. P.* Yes, Kitty?

*Kitty.* (hands card to Mrs. Perkins).

*Mrs. P.* Oh, thank you. (*Looks at card. Reads.*) Mrs. Clayton from Boston! What a surprise! Show her up, Kitty. (*Turns to Betty.*) Well, my dear, we'll talk again later. You better go and find Lilly.

(*Betty starts away—then turns to speak.*)

*Betty.* Mrs. Perkins, didn't Fra—

*Mrs. P.* I'll speak to you this evening. Mrs. Clayton is here.

(*Betty exits door R.*)

*Mrs. P.* (*Goes to door to meet her friend.*) Grace!

(*Enter Mrs. Clayton with suitcase.*)

*Mrs. P.* Well, Grace, this is indeed a bright surprise. (*They kiss.*)

*Mrs. C.* I knew it would be; but then you invited me "any time," and I love spring in the country.

*Mrs. P.* I'm glad you came. Do sit down. I'll let Kitty take your suitcase upstairs. Remove your hat. (*Mrs. C. takes off hat in front of mirror; fixes hair.*) There, my dear—your hat—coat and suitcase. (*Presses button.*)

(*Enter Kitty.*)

*Mrs. P.* Kitty, take Mrs. Clayton's things up to the small guest room.

(*Exit Kitty.*)

*Mrs. P.* There now, dear, do rest. I know it's a long, tiresome ride, but it's well worth while to breathe this exhilarating air. It's such a contrast to Boston.

*Mrs. C.* Yes, it is. I appreciate it here more this time of year any way because, of course, we have our beach home later. Philip has gone off on a business trip for about two weeks. Frank is the only one home. I told him I'd hold him responsible to see to the help; but as far as responsibility goes, Frank is useless. I'd just as soon leave a baby in charge. He's a good-natured boy just delighting in the two l's—loving and loafing.

*Mrs. P.* Really, Grace, I think that's being too hard on Frank. He's a dear boy; but as far as loving goes—I fear my son has got ahead of him.

*Mrs. C.* Frank isn't married, is he?

*Mrs. P.* No; but I've wonderful news to tell you. You'll be glad you've come. Betty Gardener, my son's sweetheart, is coming here for a two week's rest. Frank was coming with her, but he was unable; so she's coming alone. Frank is coming for the last week though. I've been wondering how to entertain her. I'm glad I have you here to assist me.

*Mrs. C.* My dear, Alice, you always worry about entertaining; and, truly, you are very foolish. In this particular case it will be most simple. Your son's sweetheart is like one of the family.

*Mrs. P.* I know it, but young girls expect so much; and are rather prejudiced against mothers-in-law from the start, I fear.

*Mrs. C.* You only imagine it, Alice. I don't feel that way. You know my son has a young lady friend now—a sweetly pretty girl; so he says. I have never seen her; I'm sorry to say. She is somewhat beneath him in circumstances, I believe; but then a mother can't expect to choose. When is your son's friend to come?

*Mrs. P.* I'm not just certain. Frank said probably on the three o'clock train. He is such a thoughtless boy. He never thinks we might like to prepare. He notifies me on the day she is to arrive. I started for Boston, and if I hadn't stopped at the post office and got his letter; she would have arrived unwelcomed. Just think!



*Mrs. C.* And so should I. I should have had to meet her alone, and probably not known who she was. Next time Frank better wait until you invite her.

*Mrs. P.* I have invited her, but she was never able to come before. I shall be pleased to see her. I hope to make it as pleasant for her as I can. Her people are quite wealthy. She comes of a very fine family—from what Frank says.

*Mrs. C.* How is Lilly? Has she improved any?

*Mrs. P.* Yes, slightly. Her little brain is too active, I fear. If you would hear her play, you would easily believe me. I see so much more of her here than at home. She has been desperately lonesome since we came here. There is no little girl to play with. You see they don't come here until June at least. She misses Hetty too much, I am afraid. She was a jewel of a nurse girl; but so impertinent to me that I had to discharge her. Mr. Perkins has been trying to get a young girl as a companion to Lilly—one who is young enough to play with her, and old enough to guard her health. It's been a hard task. They don't like to come to this quiet place; but at last we have one. She came this morning—a pleasant little thing—immensely refined.

*Mrs. C.* You are indeed fortunate.

*(Kitty enters.)*

*Kitty.* Pardon, Mrs. Perkins, but there's a young lady down stairs wanting to see you. Shall I show her up?

*Mrs. P. (Excited. To Mrs. C.)* It's the girl already. What shall I do, Grace! We have made absolutely no preparations for lunch. *(Wrings her hands.)* Oh, dear! oh, dear! That thoughtless boy! *(Louder.)* Grace, what shall I do?

*Mrs. C.* You may as well be calm, Alice. The girl will understand.

*Mrs. P. (excited).* Show her up, please. Kitty.

*Mrs. C. (starts to exit stage R., calls back over shoulder).* Alice! *(softer.)* Alice! I'm going up stairs to

change my dress. Call me when you wish me to come down.

*(Exit Mrs. Clayton just as maid ushers in Elizabeth Burton who carries a suitcase.)*

*Elizabeth.* *(smiles).* Mrs. Perkins?

*Mrs. P.* *(kisses her).* Yes, Betty. How is it you got here so early? I was going to have Jack meet you with the car at the three o'clock train. Frank said that was when he expected you would arrive.

*Elizabeth.* *(confused).* I came as soon as I could. I must have got an earlier train.

*Mrs. P.* Well, never mind, dear. You took a carriage from the station of course.

*Elizabeth.* N—no. I walked.

*Mrs. P.* Really?

*Elizabeth.* How is it you knew my name?

*Mrs. P.* Oh, girlie! Frank told me of course. You didn't think he was as thoughtless as that, did you? I know he seldom thinks.

*(Elizabeth stands astonished.)*

*Mrs. P.* Sit down, Betty. *(Points to chair.)* One would think you didn't intend to stop. I was so pleased when I heard you were coming. You know I just love company.

*Elizabeth.* *(aside).* Evidently.

*Mrs. P.* We aren't as lonesome now as we were at first though. Mrs. Clayton, a Boston neighbor of ours—perhaps you've heard Frank speak of her—has just come to visit us also.

*Elizabeth.* *(astonished).* Mrs. Clayton, you say! Y—yes, Frank has mentioned her. *(aside).* It would be very natural.

*Mrs. P.* Now remove your wraps, Betty, and I'll call Kitty to take them upstairs. *(presses button).* You will excuse me a few minutes, please. I must ask Mrs. Clayton down.

*(Enter Kitty.)*

*Mrs. P.* Kitty, take this young lady's suitcase and wraps upstairs. Now, Betty, just be perfectly at home.

*(Exit Kitty stage door L. and Mrs. Perkins stage door R.)*

*Elizabeth.* *(sighing).* Well! *(Looks around bewildered.)* If this isn't the queerest thing I ever heard of! To be sent by an employment agency to the summer home of an entire stranger to act as companion to a little delicate girl; only to find that I am welcomed as one of the family; called, Betty, my own name, by a woman whom I have never seen; a woman who takes it for granted that I am well acquainted with a particular Frank. There are only three solutions of the problem: either the employment agency made a mistake, and intended to send me as a companion to a deranged woman; or else, I, myself, am deranged; or—*(pauses; looks around nervously).* This woman Clayton startles me. Frank's mother! But how could she be here? And coming down to meet me in a moment! I must be dreaming! This Mrs. Perkins insists on my acquaintance with Frank. Now perhaps he is wholly to blame. I know Frank would be capable of most anything. I also know that I sent him a note just before I came away telling him that I had procured this position. Possibly he has told his mother, and that accounts for the queer state of affairs. *(Twirls her engagement ring and talks to it.)* I understood, though, that you were to be a secret. The wealthy Mrs. Clayton may not condescend to admit a working girl to her family. *(Looks around anxiously.)* Maybe it's a trap! I've a good mind to run away. *(Looks for suitcase.)* Goodness, I can't! She's taken my things away! *(Sits down.)* Well, I may as well be calm and face it out.

*(Enter Mrs. Perkins followed by Mrs. Clayton.)*

*Mrs. P.* *(turns to Mrs. Clayton).* My dear Grace, I want to introduce you to my son's sweetheart—Mrs.



Clayton—Miss Gardener. (*They acknowledge the introduction.*)

*Elizabeth.* (*aside*). She's got my name wrong. I can't understand! Then this woman I have been talking to is Frank's mother. They must be sisters.

*Mrs. C.* Ah, I'm so glad to be acquainted with you. We've all heard Frank speak so highly of you; and we all are so fond of Frank.

*Elizabeth.* Thank you. Frank—it—it was very kind of Frank.

(*All sit down.*)

*Mrs. P.* Yes, Frank intended to have you down here long before you were engaged, but you couldn't come. However, now that you are here, we'll have a lovely time I feel sure. Then when Frank comes next week why—

*Elizabeth.* (*amazed*). He is coming here next week?

*Mrs. P.* (*very matter of fact*). Now, Betty—pretended innocence! Of course you know! All girls are alike.

*Elizabeth.* (*tries to explain. To Mrs. Perkins*). But, Mrs. Clayton, is there no mistake?

*Mrs. P.* Why, no, dear. Unless he has told you differently since. He hasn't, has he?

*Elizabeth.* N—no, but, Mrs. Clayton, why did I think your name Perkins?

*Mrs. C.* Oh, no. My name is Clayton. Probably because Frank calls me Aunt Grace you thought we were related.

*Elizabeth.* (*aside*). The mystery deepens. Now I am lost entirely. (*To Mrs. Perkins*). Where is the little girl? There is one, is there not?

*Mrs. P.* Oh, Lilly? Yes, of course Frank told you about her. She is out playing.

*Elizabeth.* Do you wish me to go and find her? May I? (*arising*).

*Mrs. P.* Certainly not! Don't trouble, Betty. I'll get Kitty to call her.

*Elizabeth.* Oh, n—no, never mind. Can't I do something for you? (*aside*). I'll have to do something for my money. (*To Mrs. P.*) Please let me help you.

*Mrs. P.* Don't trouble, dear. There isn't a thing to do. Goodness! (*Looks at clock.*) I guess we better go down to lunch. It's rather late already. Come, Betty, you'll see plenty of Lilly later. Come, my dear.

(*Exit Mrs. P. and Mrs. C.*)

*Elizabeth.* I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way. (*Follows others.*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

(*Scene—The same. As curtain rises Betty enters looking hastily around.*)

*Betty.* At last I can be alone to think for a few minutes. Lilly will sleep for a while, at least. (*Sits down; takes out handkerchief; starts to cry.*) I—I could just cry. To think of Frank's people treating me so cruelly! It isn't terrible enough to be compelled to act as nurse girl, but I can't even eat with the family. I don't know wh—what to do! If it weren't that I love Lilly already I'd go right home. No, I couldn't go home. What would everyone say! I'm almost ashamed to tell mother. Father will be wild if he learns of this. I don't believe he'll ever allow Frank in the house again. Oh, I can't understand it! I—ca—(*Turns quickly.*) Goodness! (*Stuffs handkerchief in waist.*) Some one is coming! (*Indignant.*) Probably it is Mrs. Perkins and her fine company. (*Looks around hastily.*) Wh—where can I hide? I can't let them see I've been crying. I wouldn't give them that much satisfaction. (*Rushes quickly toward entrance L., which is covered by the portiere.*) I'll just slip behind this. (*Slips behind portiere.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Perkins followed by Mrs. Clayton and Elizabeth Burton.*)

*Mrs. P.* (*over shoulder to her guests*). I'll look up

the number, and call her. I can't seem to remember it from year to year. We'll go up there this evening if she is home, and have a wonderful time. (*Goes to table where telephone is. Looks in book.*)

(*Mrs. Clayton and Elizabeth sit down.*)

*Mrs. P.* Haden! Haden! (*Hunts through book.*) It isn't in the book. (*Closes book.*) I'll ask the operator. Hello! Central? I want Mr. Haden's house—36 Pine Street, please. Will you call them? Yes, please. Which one? Mr. Thomas Haden. I can't seem to remember numbers. (*Through transmitter.*) Hello! Is this Mr. Haden's house? May I speak to Mrs. Haden, please? (*Turns to Mrs. Clayton and Elizabeth.*) She'll love to meet you, Betty. She adores Frank. It's about six miles from here to their house, but Jack can drive us up in the car. (*Through transmitter.*) Hello! Helen? This is Grace. Are you going to be home this evening? Good! Frank's sweetheart is visiting us, and I know you'll be glad to meet her. Yes, we'd love to. Mrs. Clayton from Boston is here, too. Yes, she'll be glad to see you. Jack will drive us up. When? Oh, about 8, I think. Anyone home? Good! We'll have a splendid time. How is Phil? I thought so. Did you say Vera was there, too? Fine! Well, goodbye! We'll see you later. (*Hangs up receiver. Goes over; sits down near Betty.*)

*Mrs. C.* I'll be glad to see Helen. I knew her long before she was married. I have never met her husband.

*Mrs. P.* We'll have a wonderful time tonight. (*To Betty.*) All Mrs. Haden needs to know is that you're a friend of Frank's. Helen Haden is a darling. They have the dearest little summer home. You'll be pleased to meet Vera and Phil. We'll have to do something, Betty, until Frank gets here. He's planned all kinds of things for his week. He certainly worships you, Betty. He writes of nothing else but you. He told me once that of all his girls—and Frank was a great boy for the girls, Betty; there's no use denying it—he never met



one he loved as well as he did you. All his past love affairs seem like only dreams now he says.

*(Betty, standing behind the portiere, sighs.)*

*Mrs. C.* What was that, Alice?

*Mrs. P.* *(looking around)*. What do you mean? I heard a sound like someone sighing. Perhaps Kitty passed by in the hallway. She is a faithful servant.

*Mrs. C.* Perhaps I imagined it. Philip says I'm always hearing sounds.

*Mrs. P.* Very likely it was Kitty as I said. Now, girls, what will you wear this evening? Grace, you put on your blue gown. Betty, put on one of the prettiest you have. Phil will be sizing you up. That's the way he always says. He and Frank went to Yale together.

*Elizabeth.* I—I didn't know Frank went to Yale. He mentioned Harvard to me.

*Mrs. P.* Yes, very likely. He graduated from Harvard. While we were living in New York he went to Yale. When we moved here everyone talked Harvard to us; then, nothing would do Frank but Harvard. Of course it was nearer home. We liked it better—John and I. There has always been such rivalry between the two colleges, especially in athletics, that Frank found it hard at first. When he first went to Harvard he still had a little of the Yale spirit in him; but they took that all out in Cambridge, I guess.

*Mrs. C.* Well, Harvard is certainly a fine college. My son graduated last June. Poor fellow! He was broken-hearted Class Day because he had no girl he cared to take to the exercises. A few months before he had a quarrel with a girl he was rather fond of. It ended up that he had to pretend his mother was his sweetheart.

*Mrs. P.* I thought he was rather proud of his girl that night.

*Mrs. C.* Well, I guess he was.

*Mrs. P.* Betty, do you like Boston as well as New York?

*Elizabeth.* Why really, I don't know. I've lived in both cities; and I think each one has certain things in its favor. I'm fond of them both.

*Mrs. P.* (*glances at clock*). How the time flies! I must let you see our garden, Betty. It's really quite bare looking yet; but in about a month it will be the prettiest sight. I wish you were going to be here then. Perhaps you can come again later in the season.

*Elizabeth.* (*aside*). Evidently this isn't to be a permanent position. I knew it was too good to last long.

*Mrs. P.* Come, let's go out. There are some tulips out and a few other early flowers. I want you to see some of the statuary we have out there. Lilly will be down soon. She always sleeps a short time after lunch. It rests her. She plays so hard!

(*Exeunt Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Clayton and Elizabeth Burton.*)

(*Betty comes slowly out from behind the portiere.*)

*Betty.* (*looks around nervously*). I feel like a thief, but how did I know they were going to tell news that would interest me. (*Starts to cry.*) Now it's worse than before. I know it all. Frank is an imposter! He has just been playing with me. (*Sits down. Indignant.*) I don't know how he dared. Possibly he forgets that my father is one of the big men in New York city. (*cries harder*). Oh, it isn't like Frank. How I loved him, when I think of it! I'd have died gladly for Frank. (*Drying her tears.*) I'll fix him. I'll write him a letter that he won't forget. And this! (*Looks at ring.*) The deceitful villain! He'll get this back. (*Throws ring on floor.*) I'd like to stamp my foot on it. I hate it! (*With a troubled expression on her face.*) Two girls! Perhaps he has more. He must have invited me here to humiliate me. (*Picks up ring; puts it on finger again.*) Well, I don't care. I'll send it back. I might as well. He—he— (*cries*). He can't marry us both. And her name is Betty, too! Betty what? I'd like to know her last name. Oh, how I hate her! I'll write

Frank. (*Gets up; looks around. Exasperated.*) I haven't any pen or ink—not even a piece of writing paper. I'll ask the maid. (*Presses button.*)

(*Enter Kitty.*)

Betty. P—Please may I have pen and ink and writing paper. I have an important letter to write.

Kitty. There is a desk in the little room, Miss. You can write there.

Betty. (*aside*). No, then I couldn't hide if someone came. There is only one door to that room. (*To maid.*) I'd rather write in here. Please bring a book. I can write on that.

(*Exit Kitty.*)

Betty. (*looks out door R. cautiously*). No one in sight. I'll fix Frank. I'm the last *dream* he'll ever have. Think of the bitter way she expressed it. (*Looks farther out door.*) They are walking down the road arm in arm. (*Sighs.*) I wish I could see the hateful thing. If I hadn't had to eat in the nursery I could have. She's probably pretty. Frank always said he adored beauty in a woman. (*Looks in mirror.*) Goodness! I'm a sight. They'll know I've been crying. I'll go home before I'd let them know it though.

(*Enter Kitty with writing materials.*)

Kitty. (*hands materials to Betty*). Anything else, Miss?

Betty. No, thank you. (*Places materials on table.*) Kitty! Kitty, please come here just a moment. (*Whispers to maid.*) Kitty, I have an important letter to write. I am going to ask you to watch; if anyone is coming, let me know. Will you, please?

Kitty. I'll watch, Miss. You needn't worry.

(*Exit Kitty.*)

(*Betty sits down on chair; starts to write.*)

Betty. (*thoughtfully*). What shall I say? I can't



bear to hurt his feelings. When I think of how wonderfully he treated me the last evening we were together. I felt sure he worshipped me. 'Those last words of his "mother will love you as I do, Betty, dear." (*Looks troubled.*) He must have meant it; and yet how often a woman is deceived. She trusts the man she loves only to discover later that he is false. It can't be so with Frank, though. (*cries*). I can't give him up. (*Buries head in her arms.*) I mustn't be so foolish. I might as well face it out. I heard it from his own mother's lips.

(*Betty starts to write; reads aloud slowly as she writes.*)

Betty. (*writes*). "Dear Frank: I am at your mother's home, and am more unhappy than I have ever been before in my life. Your mother has treated me wretchedly; and if it were not that I have learned to love your little sister already, I should be on my way to New York. I don't know what I have done, Frank, to make you think so little of me that you wish to humiliate me before your people. I have tried to be a true friend to you. If I have failed, I am very sorry. Your mother's treatment is not enough, but what of the other woman you love? I may have seemed a dream to you, Frank, but I'll be your last dream. That's one sure thing. You may consider our engagement ended. You will receive your ring back as soon as I get a chance to send it. Don't reply to this, Frank. It needs no explanation. Your mother has explained all. Goodbye forever. Betty."

(*Noise from without.*)

Betty. (*folding her letter. Slips it into envelope*). Someone running in the hall! It must be Kitty!

(*Enter Kitty.*)

Kitty. Quick, Miss! They are coming back!

Betty. (*excited*). I must address it first.

Kitty. No, Miss. 'There won't be time.

Betty. I'll tell you! I'll give you this letter to keep

for me until evening. I have no place to hide it. I'll get it from you this evening and address it. Then you can mail it, I'll pay you well, Kitty. If you'll only help me.

*Kitty.* Very well, Miss, quick, hurry! Go up stairs, Miss Lilly is looking for you.

*(Betty runs to door R., looks out.)*

*Betty.* False alarm, Kitty. They have gone into the other room. Here comes Lilly!

*Betty.* *(looks in mirror).* I hope the child won't notice my eyes.

*(Enter Lilly.)*

*Lilly.* *(runs to Betty. Throws arms around her neck.)* Miss Betty. I've been looking everywhere for you. I dressed myself 'cause I couldn't wait to have you help me. Lets go out, Miss Betty.

*Betty.* All right, sweetheart. *(To maid.)* Kitty, you won't forget?

*Kitty.* *(picking up writing materials).* No, Miss.

*(Exeunt Betty and Lilly.)*

*Kitty.* I guess I've got everything. I'll just slip this letter into my pocket. *(She quickly slips letter into her pocket; so carelessly, however, that it falls to the floor. She rushes out.)*

*(Enter Mrs. Clayton and Mrs. Perkins.)*

*Mrs. C.* Where did Betty go?

*Mrs. P.* Upstairs. Come; be seated, Alice. Didn't you hear her say she wished to change her dress? She's very foolish. She'll have to dress again tonight to go to Haden's. Really, Alice, although I know it isn't nice to criticise; how plainly Betty dresses. The material in that suit she had on was certainly not expensive. From all her talk I fear her family isn't as high a one as Frank supposed.

*Mrs. C.* Yes, you're right; but I hated to say anything.

She is educated. I should judge by the way she speaks.

*Mrs. P.* Yes, but not as highly as I supposed. Frank said about her going to that Mrs. Selener's finishing school, but she absolutely denies the fact. Perhaps Frank misunderstood her.

*Mrs. C.* Lilly looked lovely in the garden. It's a very warm day for May. Just like summer! I think it's dangerous, though, Alice, to let Lilly out so thinly clad. You know she isn't very strong.

*Mrs. P.* Oh, she doesn't mind. She runs out like that earlier than this sometimes. What did you think of her companion as you passed by. Don't you think she is pretty?

*Mrs. C.* Yes, immensely so! I just had to stand and stare at her. She is so unusually refined for a working girl. What is her name?

*Mrs. P.* (*thinks*). Why, let me see. (*Laughs*.) Really, Grace, I don't know yet. I haven't had a chance to ask her. I wonder what keeps Betty. Did I show you the new chain. John gave me for my birthday?

*Mrs. C.* No, I don't believe you did.

*Mrs. P.* Come; we'll go up to my room. Betty probably won't be down before we get back.

(*Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Clayton exit door R. as Lilly runs in door L.*)

*Lilly.* Miss Betty won't ever find where I'm hiding now. (*Sees letter on floor; picks it up.*) What in the world is this? (*Looks it over.*) I guess it's a letter some one dropped. I'll—

(*Enter Elizabeth Burton.*)

*Elizabeth.* (*looking around*). Hello, Lilly. I know that is who you are without asking. Have you seen your mother or your aunt? They said that they would wait here for me.

*Lilly.* No, I haven't. Oh—Miss—er.

*Elizabeth.* Miss Burton, dear.



Lilly. Miss Burton, here is a letter I just picked up. I guess it belongs to you since you are here. (*Hands letter to Elisabeth.*) I can't wait because I'm playing hide and seek with Miss Betty. We've been having a most wonderful time all day. You may play with us later if you wish to.

(*Lilly runs out door L.*)

Elisabeth. (*sits down and opens letter*). There must be some mistake. Funny how this can belong to me. Perhaps her mother told her to give it to me. (*Reads.*) "Dear Frank." (*Astonished.*) A letter to Frank! What does this mean. (*Reads on.*) "The other woman." I must be the woman she means. She must have overheard our conversation. (*Reads again. Aloud.*) "Engagement ring!" What does she mean? Frank engaged to her! The villain! How does she dare write such a letter! (*Reads aloud again.*) "Your mother has explained all." Then his mother knows about it. (*astonished.*) It's signed "Betty"—my name. (*Thinks a moment.*) I know who must have written it—the only other Betty in the house. I heard Lilly call her companion by that name just a moment ago. Well, Betty, you'll suffer for this! If Frank Clayton thinks he's playing with me, I'll let him find out his mistake! Other girls! It's nice to have a girl in every city. I guess his mother was right when she said that he had always had lots of girls. She should have used the present tense, though. That was the only trouble. I hated that pretty girl when I passed her in the garden. You can see by her dress what she is. A woman in the same circumstance as I dressed as well as Mrs. Clayton. I'm sorry that I wasn't sent to look after the child instead of the woman. You can at least find out something from children. (*closes letter; puts it in envelope.*) I know what I'll do. I'll leave this letter here on the table where Mrs. Clayton will see it as soon as she comes in. I'll expose my rival! She's no higher in life than I am; so what do I care. The wealthy Mrs. Clayton might as well have one companion in the family as the other. (*Looks*

around.) Here they come! (*Lays letter on table just as Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Clayton re-enter.*)

*Mrs. P.* Betty! Oh, there you are, dear. We got so tired of waiting for you that we went upstairs a moment. I was showing Mrs. Clayton the pretty chain my husband gave me on my birthday.

*Mrs. C.* No wonder Betty was long. She looks sweet enough to kiss. You don't mind my calling you by your first name, do you? Alice insists on it.

*Betty.* No, certainly I don't.

(*Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Clayton sit down near table.*)

*Mrs. P.* (*notices letter*). I wonder what this is? (*Picks up letter; looks at it.*) No address on the envelope! I'll read it if you ladies don't object.

*Mrs. C. and Elizabeth.* Certainly not!

*Mrs. P.* (*reads letter; looks astonished*). Why—why, I can't understand! (*to Elizabeth*). This letter belongs to you, does it not? (*Indignant.*) Do you mean what this letter says? I'm sure I haven't had a chance to do much for you yet. However, I have made that engagement with Helen Haden for you.

*Elizabeth.* (*excited*). Mrs. Clayton that letter is not mine.

*Mrs. C.* (*believes Elizabeth is addressing her*). I'm glad to hear it; I hope it is not.

*Mrs. P.* Not yours, Betty? You never wrote this? (*Holds up letter.*) Why, your name is signed to it.

*Elizabeth.* I did not write the letter, neither am I positive who did.

*Mrs. P.* Positive! (*more excited*). Positive, you say! Then you have an idea who wrote it. What could their object be? Please explain!—I—

*Elizabeth.* (*sarcastically*). Too bad Frank isn't here; he might know. Ask the girl who is playing with Lilly. She may be able to enlighten you.

*Mrs. P.* Lilly's companion! Lilly's companion write to Frank! Betty, you must be insane! Are you trying

to insinuate that my son is in love with a girl in her circumstances? (*Indignant.*) I guess not!

*Elizabeth.* (*aside*). He must have lied to his mother about me.

*Mrs. P.* (*looks at letter again*). She has signed your name, Betty. Explain this! Did you know Frank had another girl?

*Elizabeth.* Not until I read that letter.

*Mrs. P.* You read the letter?

*Elizabeth.* Yes, Lilly gave it to me.

*Mrs. P.* Lilly! Lilly! Impossible!

*Mrs. C.* Calm yourself, Alice. There is some mistake.

*Elizabeth.* What is the name of Lilly's friend?

*Mrs. P.* I don't know; I haven't had time to ask her yet. That is it. You can't depend on a man! If John had allowed me to hire the girl it would have been different. This girl must be—(*exasperated*)—oh, I don't know what she must be.

*Mrs. C.* Call Lilly. She will at least know the girl's name. Don't tell the girl about the letter until you are sure she is the one who wrote it. You don't know what this may mean!

*Elizabeth.* Lilly gave the letter to me. She will know where she got it. I feel as badly as you do. (*Bursts into tears.*) I—I can't believe it of Frank.

*Mrs. C.* (*comforting her*). There, dear. Don't be silly. Everything will come out all right. Possibly it is some poor girl whom Frank has been kind to. She may have thought he was serious with her.

*Elizabeth.* (*sobs louder*). Y—yes, but the ring! He—he wouldn't ha—have given her a ring for fun.

*Mrs. P.* (*goes over presses button for Kitty*). Now I'll find out.

(*Enter Kitty.*)

*Mrs. P.* Please send Miss Lilly here—not her companion—just Miss Lilly.



(*Exit Kitty.*)

*Mrs. P.* (*turns to Betty*). Don't feel so badly! I'm glad to know that you didn't write the letter. That's all I cared about.

(*Kitty ushers Lilly in.*)

*Lilly.* (*runs to mother*). What did you want, mother?

*Mrs. P.* (*calming down*). Why, you haven't spoken to Aunt Grace yet. You didn't see us when you were playing in the garden but we saw you.

*Elizabeth.* (*aside*). I thought that other woman was the child's mother. There certainly must be something wrong mentally with these people. I wish I were back in Boston.

(*Lilly kisses Mrs. Clayton.*)

*Mrs. C.* Lilly loves Aunt Grace. Don't you, pet.

*Lilly.* Yes, of course I do.

*Mrs. P.* Lilly, this is Betty—Frank's sweetheart. Aren't you glad to see her.

*Lilly.* Of course I am, mother.

*Mrs. P.* Why don't you say so then, dear, instead of standing there staring at her.

*Lilly.* Well, mother, we've met before. Besides, mother, I'm thinking how queer it is that her name should be Betty too—like the other one.

*Mrs. P.* What other one, Lilly? (*To ladies.*) The mystery clears.

*Lilly.* Why, my companion, mother.

*Mrs. P.* Your companion? Is Betty her name?

*Lilly.* Yes, mother; why do you ask? She's just splendid.

*Mrs. P.* What's her other name? (*excited*). Answer me quickly, Lilly.

*Lilly.* I never asked. We've been playing so much I never thought to ask.

*Mrs. P.* Can't you shake hands with Betty, Lilly!

*(Lilly extends her hand.)*

*Mrs. P.* Now, Lilly, who gave you the letter you gave to Betty?

*Lilly.* No one, mother. I picked it up.

*Mrs. P.* Picked it up? Where, Lilly?

*Lilly.* On the floor; over there near the table.

*Mrs. P.* Then you gave it to Betty?

*Lilly.* Yes, mother.

*Mrs. P.* Do you know who dropped it, Lilly?

*Lilly.* N—no, I don't know. Why, mother?

*Mrs. P.* If mother wished to tell you she would, Lilly. Please don't forget that.

*(Enter Kitty who looks all around floor.)*

*Mrs. P.* *(looks toward her).* Kitty! *(Louder.)* Kitty!

*Kitty.* Yes. Mrs. Perkins.

*Mrs. P.* What are you looking for?

*Kitty.* A letter. I dropped it a while ago.

*Elizabeth.* *(to Mrs. Clayton).* She! What does this mean?

*Mrs. P.* What kind of a letter, Kitty.

*Kitty.* An ordinary one, thank you.

*Mrs. P.* *(excited).* I don't mean that, Kitty. What was on the envelope?

*Kitty.* Nothing was on the envelope. *(Excited.)* At least I think nothing was on the envelope.

*Mrs. P.* I found that letter, Kitty.

*Kitty.* All right. It belongs to me.

*Mrs. P.* Kitty. I do not believe you. I am sorry if you are not telling me the truth. I shall not give you the letter until you tell me to whom it belongs. I may not even give it to you then. Tell me, Kitty, quickly!

*Kitty.* *(bewildered).* Oh, but—but I can't!

*Elizabeth.* *(to Mrs. Clayton).* She's in it, too.

*Mrs. P.* Are you not to be trusted, Kitty? After all the years you've worked for us I thought we could rely on you. (*excited*). Tell me at once, Kitty, or you may leave this evening. My husband will settle with you.

*Kitty.* (*ashamed*). It—it belongs to Miss Lilly's companion. I was to mail it for her, but I dropped it on the floor.

*Mrs. P.* Fortunately, I think. (*To Kitty.*) Please call Lilly's companion here at once. This mystery must be unraveled.

*Kitty.* (*unwilling to go*). Oh, please don't, Mrs. P—.

*Mrs. P.* Not another word, Kitty. I don't understand you. I'm sure you need not worry. You have told nothing but what I compelled you to tell. Call the young lady at once; please.

(*Exit Kitty.*)

*Mrs. P.* Now, Lilly, you sit down and be quiet. Don't speak unless mother asks you to.

(*Enter Betty Gardener.*)

*Mrs. P.* Come here, please.

*Betty.* You called me, Mrs. Perkins.

*Elizabeth.* (*aside*). There is some mistake!

*Mrs. P.* Yes, about a letter we have found. Does it belong to you? (*Holds up letter.*)

*Betty.* (*clutches dress. Excited*). Wh-what letter? (*aside*). You can't trust anyone.

*Mrs. P.* Will you please explain how you came to be corresponding with my son?

*Betty.* (*straightening up*). Yes, I will, Mrs. Perkins. Is it not customary for a woman to correspond with a man to whom she is engaged?

*Mrs. P.* Engaged! You! Engaged to my son!

*Betty.* Yes, Mrs. Perkins. I didn't know your son was engaged to so many though. It must be hard for you to keep track of them all. I sympathize with you.



However, his engagement to me is a thing of the past. Probably the maid dropped that letter, I must have it at once. (*Reaches for letter.*) I wish to send it. My ring will go back later.

*Mrs. P.* (*draws back*). Not yet! I want more explanation. You can not know my surprise to find two young ladies in the house—both with the same name—both engaged to my son. (*Aside.*) Oh, the agonies a mother must suffer for her child! (*To Betty.*) What is your name, please? “Betty” what?

*Betty.* I thought Frank told you all about me. I am Betty Gardner from New York City.

*Mrs. P.* (*stares at her*). You! Betty Gardner! (*Turns to Elisabeth.*) Then who are you?

*Elisabeth.* I am Elizabeth Burton, familiarly known as Betty.

*Mrs. P.* (*to Elisabeth*). You acknowledge, then, that you are an imposter? What does it all mean?

*Elisabeth.* (*to Mrs. Perkins*). I don't know. I am all mixed up. Aren't you Mrs. Clayton, Frank Clayton's mother?

*Mrs. C.* Well of all things. My son's sweetheart—Frank's girl!

*Elisabeth.* I was sent here by an employment office to care for a little girl. On arriving I understood Frank Clayton's mother was here. You treated me as a friend. I didn't know it was all a mistake. I am very sorry.

*Mrs. P.* (*Laughs.*) I understand it all, now. Sit down, Betty; and I'll try to explain it all. Mrs. Clayton and I both have a son named Frank. Your Franks are not the same one. Cheer up, girls! (*Turns to Betty.*) You will never forgive me dear. I am so sorry. Your letter was right; I have treated you desperately, and Frank will be wild.

*Betty.* He'll never know. Thanks to Kitty. I feel ashamed for what I've said.

*Mrs. P.* You needn't.

*Mrs. C.* I fear it is all my fault. My coming only made the mistake greater.

*Elizabeth.* Forgive me, Miss Gardner. Let me ask your forgiveness, too, Mrs. Perkins. For a long time I was bewildered after I came here; but you treated me as though it was all understood. If my name hadn't been Betty, and if I hadn't loved a Frank.

*Betty.* If I had sent that letter to Frank! Do explain more, Mrs. Perkins.

*Mrs. P.* I am almost ashamed. How lucky we haven't gone up to Haden's yet. Think of it, Betty! I should have introduced Elizabeth as you. You see you came when I was out; and as we were expecting a companion for Lilly, naturally you were mistaken for her. Frank's letter must—

*Betty.* (*laughs*). Enough! Don't bother telling the rest. I know. What can you think of me?

*Mrs. P.* You are a dear. (*Turns to Elizabeth.*) You, too, Betty. Frank Clayton has chosen wisely. It is almost too good to keep from the boys.

*Mrs. C.* I think so, too. (*Kisses Elizabeth.*)

*Mrs. P.* (*Puts her arm around Betty.*) Are you sure you have forgiven your old future mother-in-law?

*Betty.* (*To Mrs. Perkins.*) Dreadful sure! (*Kisses her.*)

*Lilly.* (*breaks silence*). Mother! (*Louder.*) Aren't you ever going to say I can speak?

(*All laugh.*)

*Mrs. P.* Yes, dear.

*Lilly.* Well then, mother, I'm so glad they both belong to me. May I kiss them both?

*Mrs. P.* Certainly dear; but wait until they get over this shock and I get used to which one is really my son's sweetheart.

CURTAIN.

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